

OCTOBER 31, 1924

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

VOL. 6. No. 44

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PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Emmett Watson

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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Vol. 6 No. 44

OCTOBER 31, 1924

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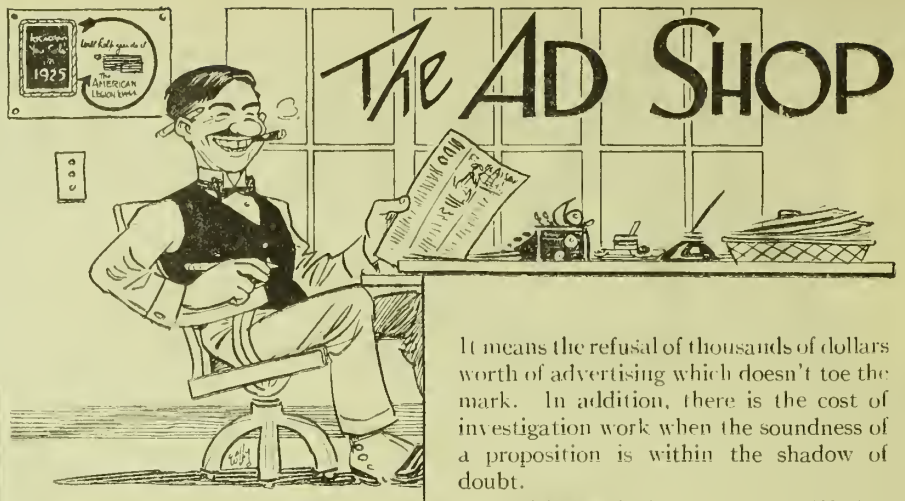
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You'll Be Glad to Know
BUCK O'DEE



It means the refusal of thousands of dollars worth of advertising which doesn't toe the mark. In addition, there is the cost of investigation work when the soundness of a proposition is within the shadow of doubt.

But it's worth the money. The Weekly can stand the immediate loss to reap the ultimate gain in confidence.

Like every other magazine, The Weekly gets occasional letters of complaint and inquiry concerning advertising which has appeared. Not long ago the Advertising Department took action on the complaint of a dentist in New York State regarding a certain preparation. After getting opinions from the New York and Pennsylvania dental societies, The Weekly put a ban upon further advertising of this preparation in its columns.

Whereupon the dentist who had made the complaint wrote to us:

"Permit me to thank you for your attitude in this matter. It is a pleasure to note that you put character higher than dollars. I wish the matter could be explained to our readers. It would help you and them to know that in advertising as well as editorially, *The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly* stands for what is RIGHT."

The above appreciation is the result of standing by our Platform.

We have much other evidence of the same sort. The Weekly is at all times ready to take up questions regarding any particular advertisement which appears in its columns. But it must be remembered that every reasonable precaution has been taken before an advertisement is granted the privilege of addressing the great American Legion family of readers.

The very fact that The Weekly is a publication which goes largely into the home in every part of America is an additional incentive for keeping its columns absolutely clean.

Before turning from this page, I urge the reader to glance once more at our Platform. It tells specifically those things we will not accept. The Weekly asks your co-operation in preserving the integrity of its advertising columns. That we will accept—gratefully!

(signed) **Buddy**
THE AD-MAN

LATELY there has been loud discussion over platforms.

The Pro & Con brothers have been trying to jar the stilts under party platforms, and break each other's planks into youths and children's size toothpicks.

But there is one platform which remains as firm and stable as on the day of its erection—'way back in February, 1920.

Not a plank has been removed, not a spike has rusted; no pillar has been weakened. Its foundations are anchored in the cement of Character.

I speak of the Advertising Platform of *The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly*.

It is unchanging, like the General Orders which you learned by rote, as did your military fathers before you. It is adhered to with all the steadfastness of a sentry on post. It is kept effective at all times by a vigilant staff of advertising men, to whom "Truth in Advertising" is more than a mere slogan.

Our Advertising Platform does not often make its appearance in these columns. *The Weekly* does not care to boast of its integrity, preferring to act on it. But an occasional reprinting of this Platform no doubt has a salutary effect, in reassuring the new reader and the prospective advertiser.

Therefore, let's have it:

We will not accept:

1. Misleading or fraudulent advertising.
2. Advertising of "free" offers, unless the article or service is free; advertising making claims that are false, ambiguous or exaggerated.
3. Advertising which guarantees large dividends or excessive profits.
4. Advertising that is offensive to moral standards or sentiments.
5. Objectionable medical advertising, of such a nature that it makes claims not in accordance with facts or experience.
6. Advertising of products which contain drugs of a habit-forming nature—dangerous to health.
7. Advertising which might cause money loss to our readers or loss of confidence in our advertising columns.

Maintaining these standards costs something besides the printing of a platform.

331 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.



BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
627 West 43d Street, New York City

OCTOBER 31, 1924

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PAGE 3

Stage Money That Turned Real

IN 1853 a light-haired little tot of six danced before a crowd of miners in the Square Deal Saloon at Rabbit Creek, California. She was showered with gold—real gold—in coins, nuggets, bags of dust. Thirty-five years later, about the time the average-age Legionnaire was being born, Lotta Crabtree suddenly retired from the stage. Last month she died in Boston, and by the terms of her will a fund of two million dollars is set aside to provide for America's World War sufferers. Who says the age of romance is gone?

By Marquis James

JOHNNY MULHEARN, the gas man—this was in 1883, before Mr. Edison had enthroned the electrician as dictator of day and darkness in the enchanted hinterland beyond the footlight frontier—Johnny Mulhearn, the gas man at the old Olym-



One of Lotta's most successful characterizations, Ma'amzelle Nitouche

NIBLO'S SALOON

BROADWAY.
Lessee and Proprietor..... Mr. Crabtree
Acting Manager..... Mr. Harry Jordan

PRICES

Admission..... 50 Cents
Reserved Seats..... 75 Cents

MISS LOTTA

THE
CALIFORNIA FAVORITE

Whose brilliant success has stamped her as the favorite of the people.

Thursday Evening

June 2nd, 1924.

JENNY LIND, with Serg. Daves,
to..... MISS LOTTA
Granby Cox..... Mr. Harry Jordan
Baron Switoff Beery..... A. W. Fennel
Leatherlungs..... F. Bea
Herr Scheroot..... J. E. Irwin
Herr Kanaster..... S. Johnston

A playbill of the late Civil War period when Lotta of the Golden Hair had captured Broadway

The Lotta World War veterans knew, with Maj. Gen. Edwards watching a parade of the 26th Division in Boston. Gen. Edwards is one of the trustees of Lotta's estate

pic Theater in St. Louis, gazed through the windows of a nameless saloon in Pine Street, and, with the experienced eye of a fellow craftsman, contemplated one of Nature's finest lighting effects—the dawn. Mr. Mulhearn applied a match to his guttering pipe. Regaling himself with a deep inhale, he commenced to speak.

A stage hand or so, some members of the Olympic's orchestra—these details as to Johnny's auditors do not matter much except (this might be mentioned) that a newspaper reporter was there and he has left us a record of the discourse of Mr. Mulhearn. The company had forgathered at midnight after the show and had sat the whole night through, sipping their beer, devastating the free lunch, swapping yarns and reminiscences.

Now this Johnny Mulhearn was a personage. He had been on the gas at the Olympic ever since he had come home from the Civil War. In that time he had beheld the wheeling constellations of the stage firmament grow lustrous and grow dim. He knew them almost all. He had lighted their way to glory. He was "Johnny" to the greatest of the great. He knew them in and out of character.

The night which was paling had encompassed great events. Lotta had come back to St. Louis in one of the greatest triumphs of her astonishing career, "Ma'amzelle Nitouche," a comedy just translated from the French.



La Petite Lotta, the California diamond, darling of the gold camps in the fifties, and all America's darling now. The inimitable Lotta, first and greatest of the soubrettes. The bewitching, bewildering, unapproachable Lotta. The talk of the town and the toast of the nation. She charmed St. Louis with her twinkling toes, her saucy golden locks, the flashing piquancy of her smile.

THE event is still a high-water mark in local dramatic history, and most of the foregoing intemperate language is appropriated from contemporary press accounts of her appearances.

"This might be said about Lotta," began the crisp accents of Johnny Mulhearn. "She is the same off as she is on. The same child exactly, just bubbling over with fun and kindness. Not a bit has she changed in the fifteen years I have known her. Last night she came skipping up to me, all smiles, to thank me for the lights.

"Well, Johnny," she says, 'how did you like that dance?'

"Like the breath of the morning, Miss Lotta," says I. 'And sure you are getting younger and prettier every day.'

"And she laughed and gave a little kick and ran away to her dressing room as happy as any soul possibly could be. It was a sight for sore eyes, I tell you. You know how it is back stage—we see few enough sights of that kind. The smiles and fine words are all for those out in front, too often; the good looks and the good humor the audiences sees is a sham

"But not so with Lotta. Her smiles are not shams. They are from the heart. Her 'work' on the stage is not work. It is play. It is life as she sees it and as she lives it."

But we must depart and leave Johnny Mulhearn with his musings, his pipe and his beer. Lotta's life was so full. There is so much to relate. For more than thirty years this extraordinary creature, whose sun rose in the West, filled the eye of the nation—and then vanished as completely as a falling star. Yet, as late as 1919, twenty-eight years after her last appearance on the stage—"Who's Who in America" disclosed:

Crabtree, Charlotte, see Lotta.

Under "Lotta" was bracketed in a few lifeless lines a stage career begun in the California mining camps in 1853, and ended by sudden retirement in 1891.

A HUNDRED writers of her time and since have endeavored to represent Lotta on the printed page. It has been almost a forlorn hope. One facile dramatic critic wrote, in her prime, and in his:

"Lotta is—well, she is Lotta!"

And flung his pencil aside in despair.

Johnny Mulhearn, the gas man, came as close as any one to approximating Lotta. "She is the same off as she is on. Her 'work' on the stage is life as she sees it and as she lives it."

Last month a quaint old lady in her seventy-seventh year died in a modest suite in a large hotel in Boston. She might have had the finest of chambers,

because she owned the hotel. This was Lotta. Two days later she was laid to rest beside her mother in a New York graveyard. Sixty persons, a few white-haired stage-folk among them, heard the simple service which was read in an undertaker's chapel on Broadway. Such was the passing of Lotta, the California diamond; the toast of a nation; America's darling.

But the curtain for La Petite Lotta is not yet. The day after the funeral



Lotta as the Marchioness in the stage version of Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop"

her last will and testament was made public, which instrument again flashed the name of Lotta throughout the land. She had bequeathed half of her fortune, or two million dollars, to form a trust fund for disabled World War veterans and the dependents of deceased veterans. All of the rest of her estate went to charity, too, except \$100,000, which is left to cousins in England. Lotta had no nearer kin. She named as trustees to administer the various gifts William A. Morse, of Boston, her personal attorney and advisor during the last twenty-five years of her life; Major General Clarence R. Edwards (retired), past Department Commander of The American Legion

of Massachusetts, and Justice William C. Wait of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

"In establishing the trust hereby created under this clause," wrote Lotta, in her will. "I wish to concisely state that I have great pride and admiration for the heroic and patriotic service rendered by our soldiers, sailors and women, who were in the service of the United States during the late World War, and I have given great consideration to the sacrifices and sufferings that have come to so many of them in the performance of their duties and to the hardships and difficulties they must continue to suffer in years to come.

"I am fully aware of the fact that they can never receive adequate compensation and reward for what they have helped to accomplish for the honor and well-being of their country and mankind.

"I thoroughly believe and am satisfied that in the making of this particular trust I have selected the noblest and most deserving philanthropy to which my estate can be put."

Follows in legal form the details of the two-million-dollar bequest. The interest, and if the trustees deem it wise, "such portion of the principal as would satisfactorily fulfill the objects of this trust," may be expended for these purposes:

"To render financial or any other kind of aid and assistance to disabled, maimed, wounded and sick soldiers, sailors and women who were actually in the service of the United States during the World War," or to the dependents of deceased soldiers or service women.

"To render financial or any other kind of aid and assistance to any hospital, home institution, society or organization for the care and treatment of sick and disabled soldiers."

The will suggests that preference be given beneficiaries in Massachusetts, New York and California—the three States with which Lotta has been most closely identified. This is not a mandate, however.

THE trust endures for forty years, when the funds remaining go to the Lotta Agricultural Fund, also established by the will, for the purpose of assisting needy graduates of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to get a start on farms of their own. The range of the sympathies and interests of this remarkable woman are disclosed by her additional bequests. There is \$300,000 for the Lotta Dumb Animal Fund; the Lotta Theatrical Fund of \$100,000 to help members of that profession through sickness and misfortune; the Mary A. Crabtree Fund, a memorial to Lotta's mother, of \$100,000 for the distribution every Christmas of coal, clothing, food and medicines among the poor; the Lotta Educational Fund of \$25,000 for pupils without means at the New England Conservatory of Music; the Lotta Hospital Fund of \$50,000 for Boston hospitals to provide beds for the poor; the Lotta Fund for Aiding Discharged Convicts, of \$100,000, for use of deserving former inmates of prisons in San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, Louisville and New Orleans. The resi-

(Continued on page 18)



Five Union generals toured the country in a special train during the 1896 campaign to back McKinley against Bryan. The picture shows their reception at Columbus, Indiana. They were Russell A. Alger, who became McKinley's secretary of war; O. O. Howard, Daniel E. Sickles, T. J. Stewart and O. A. Marden. A flat car carried several venerable pieces of ammunition, and blank rounds were fired to announce the arrival of the campaigners.

Historic Battles of the Ballot

III. Third-Party Parallels: *Presidential Campaigns from 1892 to the World War*

By Nathaniel Peffer

TO find a parallel for the political campaign just coming to a close—it has not been pointed out often enough that there is a parallel—you have to go back almost a generation. In 1892 there was also a third party campaign, with a third ticket whose support was largely in the agricultural Middle West, with some additions from organized labor. This was the time of the Populist party, and though we generally read of the Populists in terms of ridicule, they have had a much greater influence than is commonly conceded.

The influence of the Populist party was felt in all the succeeding campaigns and has extended up to the present. With it something new entered American politics. That is why in this concluding article of a series on high lights in American political history I shall deal with the elections beginning with 1892. They have a certain unity and lead logically up to 1924.

With the closing decade of the nineteenth century a profound change was coming over the country. The frontiers had passed. Big Business had just begun to feel its strength. The railroads were determining markets, prices and the fates of cities, even of whole regions. Great combinations of capital were forming and the trusts were being born. Something like class spirit was emerging, bringing with it social discontent.

The Republicans had been swept into office in 1888, when



Harper's Weekly's Cartoon of William J. Bryan, in the 1896 campaign, by W. A. Rogers, was entitled "Monkeying With the Buzz-saw." Bryan, pictured as a schoolboy because of his scant thirty-six years, was dubbed Little Willie, saying, "I guess I'll stop it"

Grover Cleveland, the first Democrat to become President since Buchanan, was defeated for re-election by Benjamin Harrison. One of the first acts of the victorious Republicans was to pass a stiff protective tariff—the famous McKinley Bill, drafted by William McKinley, later President. Its effects were immediately felt, the cost of living going up measurably. There was a great public uproar, skilfully played on by the Democrats. The farmers were the greatest sufferers. There is something of a parallel in the beginning of the Harding Administration. Like the Congressional elections of 1922, the Congressional elections of 1890 saw the Republican majority overturned by a Democratic landslide.

The parallel goes still further. A farm bloc won representation in Congress, as it did in 1922. These were the Farmers' Alliance men. Just as the agricultural bloc became the nucleus of the party now running La Follette, so the Farmers' Alliance became the nucleus of the People's party, or the Populists, as they were called. Nine Farmers' Alliance candidates were elected to the House and two to the Senate.

Some of them later became nationally known, though mainly as the butt of jibes. In the House their leader was Simpson of Kansas, called in the newspapers Sockless Jerry Simpson. He was a picturesque figure, much ridiculed because at times he lapsed into a rural vernacular. In the Senate were William A. Peffer of Kansas, whose long red beard was a stock joke of the paragraphs and cartoonists, and James A. Kyle of South Dakota. Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Minnesota and Georgia were the States which returned Populist Congressmen, the same region on the whole as the one in which the Progressives are strong now.

The edge of discontent was not softened between 1890 and 1892, the election year. To the contrary. More Western farms were plastered with mortgages and the agricultural situation became desperate. There was an outcropping of strikes throughout the country. While the campaign was actually in progress came the famous Homestead strike in the Pennsylvania steel district which culminated in a pitched battle, with fortifications and cannon, between Pinkerton guards and the strikers. The strike was broken and with it the Knights of Labor, but more workers were embittered and it did not help the Administration's chances. In the meantime, while the East was either indifferent or scornful, the Farmers'

Alliance was building and mending political fences throughout the West and even in the South. And many thoughtful men who were neither farmers nor workers, but students and historians, were calling attention to the portents of the growth of all-powerful trusts which would determine the life of the American people.

The two old parties held their conventions in the summer of 1892. Benjamin Harrison was renominated by the Republicans, with Whitelaw Reid, publisher of the New York *Tribune*, for his running mate. Despite a fierce contest by Tammany and a strong faction of New York Democrats, who hated Cleveland on general principles and specifically because he would not turn over the spoils, Cleveland was nominated again by the Democrats, with Adlai E. Stevenson for Vice-President. The two platforms joined issue on the

ate no circus tactics. President Harrison said: "I desire this campaign to be one of Republicanism and not of personalities." As President Harrison's wife was dying and he was confined to her bedside in the weeks before election day Cleveland announced he also would refrain from a personal stumping campaign in order not to take advantage of Harrison's affliction.

THE Populists made a red-hot campaign in the South and West, but it is significant of the change in popular opinion between then and now that in the East almost no mention was made of them. You go through the files of the New York papers and you hardly get an idea that there was such a thing as a third party. *Harper's Weekly*, then one of the most influential organs of the country, had at least one editorial a week on the campaign. In not one editorial are the Populists even mentioned.

It was the same in other periodicals. In the *Arena*, the Boston monthly edited by the then well-known B. O. Flower, there was an article by Hamlin Garland, later to become one of the best known American novelists, on the personalities of the Populist leadership. He punctured the newspaper myths about their being wild and woolly yahoos with straw in their ears. He showed them to be quiet, studious men, all of them real working farmers but capable students of politics and economics as well. "These men corroborated my impression," he wrote, "that great forces are moving.

... The young Democrats [in Congress] were almost in open rebellion against the domineering policy of the old legisla-

tors. The Republicans were apprehensive, almost desperate."

To all this the conservative and self-centered East was indifferent. Just in passing, one of the great changes that has come over the country since then is the recognition by the Atlantic seaboard that there is such a thing as the West. The New York papers and the magazines do not ignore the La Follette party and its campaign now. Another great change is the recognition that class feeling exists.

So strong was the Populist organization in some parts of the West that it took over the Democratic organization, which did not even name Democratic electors but voted Populist outright. This was true in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, North Dakota and Wyoming. In Minnesota, Oregon and Nevada there was a partial fusion of the two tickets.

The four years' accumulation of pro-



Cleveland's second campaign of 1892 was waged on the issue of a tariff for revenue only against a protective tariff. But the Western Democrats insisted on bringing in the issue of free silver, and the cartoonist's "Miss Democracy" is exasperated at being followed by the free silver dog

tariff, and on that issue the campaign was mainly fought. The Populists met in Omaha, most of the delegates representing the Farmers' Alliance and the Knights of Labor—the Farmer-Labor party of the present—with a sprinkling of intellectuals, all merging as the People's party. They nominated General James B. Weaver of Iowa for President and James G. Field of Virginia for Vice-President on a platform that called for public ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, a graduated income tax, postal savings bank and 16-to-1 silver, the first time the silver issue was thrown into national politics.

By comparison with the red-fire, personal slander campaigns that preceded it, the election of 1892 was a calm, eventless gentleman's contest. Both Harrison and Cleveland were men of great personal dignity who would toler-

test spent itself on election day. The Republicans were beaten by almost two to one in electoral votes, Cleveland carrying all the doubtful States, including Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana and New York, as well as California, Illinois and Wisconsin, which had been counted on as Republican. The Democrats merged with the Populists in Colorado, Kansas, North Dakota and Wyoming. In Florida the Republican vote went to Weaver, while in Alabama and Mississippi Harrison got only a nominal vote. The Populists carried four States outright—Colorado, Idaho, Kansas and Nevada—and got one electoral vote each in Oregon and North Dakota. Their popular vote was more impressive. They polled more than a million out of ten million. The popular vote was: Cleveland, 5,556,543; Harrison, 5,175,582; Weaver, 1,040,886. The electoral vote was: Cleveland, 277; Harrison, 145; Weaver, 22.

The Populist party soon died out as a party, but its influence went on. It had made the first organized demand for free silver, on which William Jennings Bryan waged his fight four years later. It had started the cry against the trusts which Theodore Roosevelt took up and popularized a decade later. It was the forerunner of the farm bloc of 1922 and of the Progressive party of 1924. It gave agriculture and labor a hint of their potential political power.

GROVER CLEVELAND had won a great personal victory, but the popularity of his administration was short-lived. Political and economic forces were working which were beyond his control. Questions of foreign policy piled up, making enemies for him whichever way he decided them. There was the famous Venezuela dispute with England, when Cleveland delivered a virtual ultimatum to England because of its threat to use force to settle a quarrel with Venezuela over the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. There was the annexation of Hawaii, which

Cleveland opposed. There was the revolution in Cuba, which had aroused American sympathies. Cleveland insisted on preserving neutrality and suppressing filibustering to aid the Cubans. He foresaw the result would be a war with Spain, which he wanted to avoid. But his attitude aroused hostility.

MORE pressing and of greater political influences were domestic problems. In 1893 came the disastrous panic from which the whole population suffered intensely. Strikes increased with marked rapidity, the Pullman strike in Chicago necessitating the use of Federal troops. Most important was the silver question.

This question can be explained properly only by economists to economists. It turns on the most complex intricacies of international finance and currency. The demand of the free silver men was for the unlimited coinage of silver at a fixed legal ratio between the value of silver and the value of gold. Now, because of increased silver production, its price had decreased in the world market so that in 1893 its value as compared to

gold was as 26.49 to 1. The proposal of the free silver men was to establish a government ratio of 16 to 1. As pointed out by their opponents, this would mean that a silver dollar would not be worth a dollar in silver bullion. It would not be worth as much as a gold dollar. But the Government would have to redeem it in gold and would therefore lose on every silver dollar presented to it. Also gold would be hoarded and driven out of circulation. In effect, we should be on a silver standard, with a depreciated currency compared to other countries. But the country was in hard straits, and from the West and South

there was a cry for more money and cheap money. This cry had a certain logic, for the currency was in a disordered state and too inelastic to meet the shifting needs of business.

Silver was debated on and
(Continued on page 16)



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The ladies take a hand in politics for the first time. Two scenes from the 1912 campaign. Upper picture shows Miss Carpenter speaking for Roosevelt. Below, Miss Alberta Hill campaigning on New York's East Side for Woodrow Wilson. Note the speakers' costumes, Miss Carpenter's automobile veil and Miss Hill's floppy merry widow hat

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

The Best Men Possible

WHEN Benjamin Franklin with his accustomed carefulness made a proposal of marriage, the mother of his future wife interposed a qualified objection. She was not sure that this young printer, of undemonstrated capacity, would prove to be a worldly success. Were there not already two printing establishments in the American colonies, and who could be sure that there was room for a third?

Benjamin Franklin turned out to be a go-getter of the type that would delight any doubtful mother-in-law. But we can imagine the family councils while young Mr. Franklin's character was being judged. He was accepted largely on faith, it is true, but his wife's parents must have been fairly well satisfied by actual evidence and demonstrated ability as well.

The American Legion post which tries to choose its commanders conscientiously is also impelled to elect a man occasionally on faith, and as often as not its confidence will be justified, especially if the post has not entirely overlooked reputation and record in its judgment. But there are many considerations which bear importantly upon the choice of a post commander, and these considerations come to mind particularly at this time, when most posts are preparing to elect the men who will lead them in 1925.

There is a tendency too often to elect a post commander solely on the basis of personal popularity, when, as everybody recognizes, this attribute is not the invariable accompaniment of capacity for leadership. The post which chooses its 1925 commander simply because he is congenial and convivial is trusting largely to the post's ability to run itself. But the post that elects a commander who combines all the qualities of good fellowship, rightfully so highly rated, with the rarer qualities of executive ability is not trusting to luck to provide a good administration. It is reasonably sure that a good administration will follow as a matter of course.

National Commander Drain believes that the selection of the right kind of post officials for 1925 is an all-important one in the Legion at this time. He believes that in each post there are men of outstanding ability possessing the confidence not only of their fellow Legionnaires but also of the outside community, who should be induced to fill the places of leadership. He has urged all department commanders to do what they can to insure the selection of the best-fitted men as post officials. In an open letter to the department commanders, Mr. Drain says:

Unless you give this matter personal attention you will receive in some of your communities weak officials. I, therefore, urge that you immediately communicate with a few of the leaders in each of your posts with the view of impressing upon them the necessity of selecting, or drafting if necessary, the best men possible to lead our posts during the coming year.

If the Legion can establish this standard of "the best men possible" for its offices it will give new meaning and new importance to post elections. Under this new conception, no post election would be a mere popularity contest.

The Aftermath

UNTIL a short time ago Legionnaire Gerald Maryott of Lincoln, Nebraska, was the central figure in one of those familiar dramas of the disabled service man striving against appalling handicaps and winning a remarkable vic-

tory in the battle of everyday life. Now he is remembered as the hero of a tragedy, and the recital of his final defeat by Nature at a time when his heart-sought triumph was within his grasp touches all the chords of human sympathy.

Gerald Maryott was not wounded on a battlefield. He fell sick with spinal meningitis at Camp White in 1918. After hovering near death in Army hospitals for many months he must have realized that he was doomed to a lifelong invalidism.

Many men so stricken would have lost hope and fore-sworn the world. To Gerald Maryott his suffering and his partly-paralyzed body were a challenge. His soul responded. He had completed one year in the University of Nebraska before he entered the service. In spite of his tortured body he re-entered college as soon as his partial recovery permitted. He completed five more semesters in the university, confident that he would win his arts degree and then follow through to a degree in law.

And then he was stricken anew. For two years he was a prisoner in a plaster cast. His back and one leg were held as in a vise. There were days when he could not move without help, hours when the pain was almost unendurable. And always in those two years he saw the outside world only as a patch of sky beyond his hospital window.

Lying helpless, unable to write, with only strength enough to hold a book at times, Gerald Maryott longed to complete his college course, to obtain the diploma so nearly won. But a few more hours of credits and the honor would be his. He enrolled for six hours of English constitutional history. A professor brought him the books, heard his recitations and gave him oral examinations.

When the names of the graduates were read in June, Gerald Maryott's was among them. Not only that—Gerald Maryott was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, the highest scholarship honor which can come to an American university man.

Strength seemed to return to his withered limbs as fresh hope filled his mind. Shortly after the graduation ceremonies he was removed from the hospital to his home. He was dreaming of an end to suffering and the new course in law when death, so often thwarted, conquered him.

It would be trite to say only that Gerald Maryott's fortitude is an inspiration to every man beating at the bars of circumstance and hoping for freedom. Gerald Maryott represents the sublime manifestation of the forces by which the world holds through the generations all that men have won. His heroism is now hallowed by the grave, but his torch still burns.

There is more than this to remember. It is fine to read or hear of the magnificent comeback which many a disabled veteran is making. But the odds are sometimes too great to overcome. Peace hath her casualties no less than her victories.

§ § §

An egotist is a man who volunteers to help his young son with his algebra.

§ § §

Mother's shingle, to the small boy, has much less significance nowadays than it used to have.

§ § §

Nature lovers who dwell on the pleasures of the open road rarely have anything to say about the detours.

§ § §

In these days of wild newspaper supremacy claims the publishers grudgingly admit that the automobile has the largest Sunday circulation.

§ § §

A Los Angeles street car recently crashed into an automobile in which a young man was feeding candy to his girl. The motorman had clanged his bell, but the driver mistook the sound for love's old sweet gong.

LEGIONNAIRES:

HERE is another job that is up to The American Legion:

NOT more than forty-nine percent of American citizens of voting age go to the polls and vote on Election Day. That means about half of the citizens, by recent election returns, are civic shirkers, and less than half meet their responsibilities as citizens.

THE governing power of this country lies in its citizenship—in the same place that its military power lies. Back in 1917-'18 we knew all about the obligation of military service; maybe in these days of peace we have not given enough thought to the obligation of service as citizens.

SUCH an obligation exists. This is a government of the people, by the people, for the people, as Abraham Lincoln pointed out. But when the making and operation of the Government is left to a minority it becomes something less.

We cannot long maintain a self-governing republic and preserve liberty when we let a few do all the governing. And that is what we have been doing. Voting is a way for the citizen to show what kind of government he wants. That is the certain, fair and effective method provided. When he fails to vote he becomes a political zero. By neglect he jeopardizes the liberty for which our forefathers fought and died, and for which we ourselves so recently made no small sacrifices.

IT is the manifest duty of every qualified citizen to bear his share in the business of governing. The first and most important part of this duty is to participate in elections of public officers. Those officers are responsible to the people who elect them, not to any one else. Keep that in mind.

IT isn't of so much importance for which of the many candidates for public office you vote as that you vote for the candidates who represent what you believe to be for the best interests of the whole body of the people. Make up your mind on this basis—the general good. And vote!

NOW for the immediate job of The American Legion. It is to make sure that there are no civic slackers among Legionnaires on election day; that the membership of the Legion has a perfect score for good citizenship in this test, for it is a real and important test.

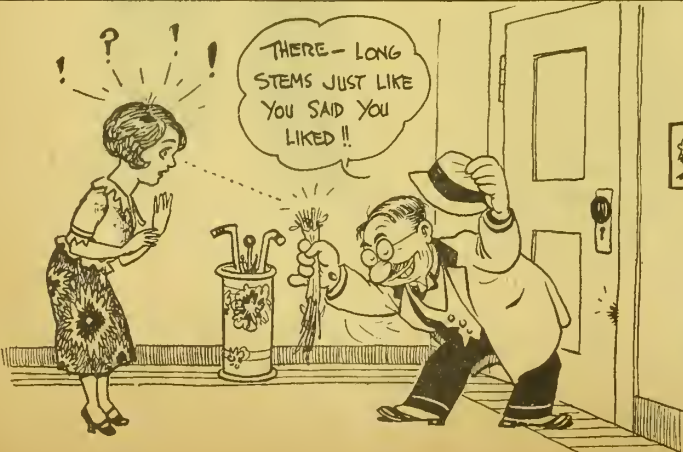
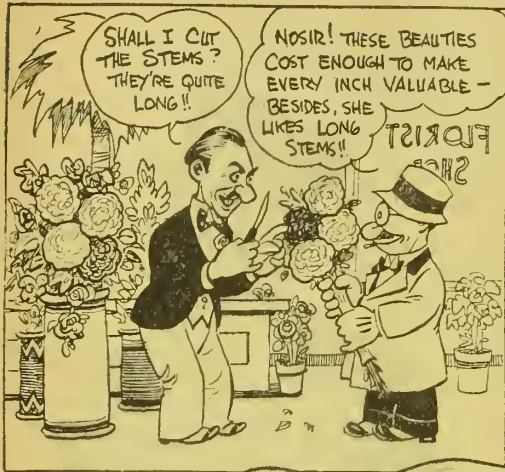
THERE is something more. The American Legion, with members in practically every voting precinct in the country, potentially is the greatest of all forces for good citizenship. By example and intelligent effort it can enlarge the popular understanding of what it means to be a citizen of the United States. It is your duty, Legionnaires, to drive home upon the indifferent and the careless the fact that a citizen has duties and responsibilities as well as privileges, and that unless these duties and responsibilities are intelligently exercised, this good Government cannot long exist.



James H. Brown

Long Stems

By Wallgren



A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

WE knew a century ago that there would be a Presidential election in 1924. One comes regularly every four years. Unless we amend the Constitution on this point we know that there will be twenty-five in the next hundred years.

The English, who as I write are in the midst of a general election campaign as hot as our Presidential campaign, do things differently. Elections drop in on them on short notice and quite unexpectedly. When an Englishman hears that we are having a Presidential election he remarks, "So President Coolidge has decided to go to the country." When you explain that the decision was not with the President at all but he is submitting to schedule the Englishman concludes our ways are strange.

Nominally a British general election must be held every seven years. Actually, there is one whenever the party, or the "government," as it is called, which is in power, is beaten on an important test measure in Parliament. That means that the government has "lost confidence" as the British say. It then goes to the country to be sustained or repudiated by the people, and names the date of the election.

Not until early October did the British public know that it was to have a general election this fall. It is to be held a week before our own. We have four months of campaigning to decide whether Coolidge goes or stays and the British have less than a month to decide whether MacDonald goes or stays.

If we followed the British method our President would call a general election whenever any bill he favored in Congress was beaten. But this comparison would hold only if he were a Premier, as MacDonald is and Herriot of France is. Coolidge is not a Premier, yet he is Premier and more than Premier. He does not sit in Congress. Nor do members of the Cabinet. In England and all of the European nations both the Premier and Ministers sit in Parliament. He can not be Premier and they Ministers unless they do.

A PREMIER is the responsible chief of his government who makes its policy as a party leader in the same way that our President makes ours. He gets his walking papers when his party is outvoted. He is the product of the majority opinion of the moment. Under the European system, it has been said that President Wilson, after the Republican victory of November, '18, would have been succeeded by a Republican. Theodore Roosevelt would have taken his place in negotiating the Treaty of Peace. Coolidge would have had to go to the country after the defeat of the Administration tax bill.

No matter how Congress differs from him our President remains in office to the end of his four-year term. He cannot do otherwise. It is the law. Coolidge may be re-elected in face of an opposition majority in Congress for the next two years. Although that majority should continue after the next Congressional election he would be in the White House during both Congresses. If he is defeated and there is a majority against him in the new Congress he and the old Congress hold on until March, 1925.

But if MacDonald is beaten there will be a new Premier at once and the new Parliament will take office at once. The new Premier will be the choice of the councils of the majority forces of which he is the head. He will remain in power for seven years or until he "loses confidence." There may not be another general election in England for seven years and there may be four or five before seven years have passed.

The responsible head of the nation and the majority of the national legislature pulling in opposite directions is impossible in Europe. When the "ins" have not the majority to put their policy into effect they automatically become the "outs." This means quick action in response to public opinion.

IN France, Germany and other Continental countries there have long been many parties or "blocs" ranging in opinion all the way from extreme Radical Socialists of the Left to extreme Conservatives of the Right, combinations to make a majority install a "government" in power until a new combination breaks it.

Until recently both England and the United States had with brief exceptions, the two party system. The voter had a choice between the Conservatives and Liberals in England and between the Republicans and Democrats in America. Now both countries are slanting toward the Continental system. In the present campaigns the English have three parties, Conservative, Labor and Liberal and we have Republican, Democratic and La Follette.

Not one of the three parties has a majority in the present British Parliament. Perhaps no one of our three parties will have a majority in the next Congress. In England, Labor with a minority of the whole, came into power through the connivance of the other two parties, either of which hoped to profit by MacDonald's mistakes while in office, in the next general election.

MacDonald ran into a snag with his plan of having the British Treasury back a loan to Russia in the hope of increasing the Russian market for British trade; but what really unhorsed him was the Campbell incident. Campbell, who thinks they do things better in Russia, wrote an article in a Communist paper urging British soldiers and sailors not to fire upon their fellow-workers in other armies in case of war and to spread this gospel in the ranks of the British Army and Navy.

In answer to the public outcry against such views MacDonald began prosecution of Campbell for sedition. When he called off the prosecution—as his opponents insist he did—the Liberals who had been supporting, joined with the Conservatives in a vote of "No Confidence."

ANYWAY, less than a month from that adverse vote, the election will be over. When the British want another change of government they can have it in equally short order. But, under our method, the policy we vote this fall and the President we elect must hold for four years and the Congress we elect must hold for two years.

That makes a Presidential election a much more serious business than a European general election. It warrants thinking hard before you vote. It warrants all the rejoicing that the "Get-out-the-vote" drive, in which the Legion has joined, has increased registration in most localities as a reaction from the spectacle of 1920 when less than fifty percent of our voters went to the polls.

If having registered, you do not vote, you have no excuse for kicking against anything that the next President and Congress may do. You missed your chance to help put over your ideas of how this country should be conducted for the next four years. As a Legionnaire, after having served your country in war, you will have neglected serving her as a citizen in peace. Election Day is not only a holiday. It is National Duty Day.



The Lord Mayor of London acted as host to the FIDAC delegates at a luncheon at Mansion House that was characterized by all the pomp and ceremony associated with his office. In the rear row, from left to right, are Delegate Rodziewicz, Poland; General Sir Ian Hamilton; F. F. Lister, chairman of the British Legion; Charles Bertrand, President Fondateur of FIDAC; the Lord Mayor; Earl Haig, President of the British Legion; Viola, Italy. Seated, from left to right, are Avramovitch, Serbia; Mr. Sheriff Dron; D. P. Pielou, M. P.; Mr. Sheriff Sennett

FIDAC Takes a Step for

CAN a soldier who fought through a long and bitter war in which millions of his comrades perished forgive the enemy who opposed him? If he can should he evidence that forgiveness by inviting his enemy to join him in good fellowship—to establish comradely relations with him?

These were the great questions which confronted the Fifth Annual Congress of FIDAC—*Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants*—held in London last month simultaneously with the Sixth National Convention of The American Legion in Saint Paul. You may say—rightly—that there are many factors to be considered before these questions can be answered. But what are you going to do when they are thrust upon you for answer; when it lies in line of duty for you to take them up and dispose of them as best you can?

Very likely you will do what FIDAC did at London. You will debate and argue, then argue and debate, finally compromising by deciding to take more time and gather more information.

The question of receiving the enemy countries into FIDAC was brought up at Brussels last year by Alvin Owsley, one of the delegates to the Fourth Congress and at that time National Commander of The American Legion. He brought it boldly to the front by saying:

"We represent here the men who did the fighting. Surely there must be some way in which we can speak to the men we fought and make them realize there is a better way of living among nations than by continually battling one another. But how can we wish to deal with our former enemies if we haven't the moral courage to get together in peace? France and Belgium positively are entitled to reparations, but hoarding and keeping in our hearts ancient prejudices will not bring the peace we earned with our victory."

Mr. Owsley's statement brought an instant response from Charles Bertrand of France, then president of FIDAC:

"I say that we are ready to forgive and forget, but in order that there may be forgiveness, there must be repentance. For four years Germany has been intact and she has failed to show either forgiveness or repentance. As soon as the first sign of good will to pay reparations is shown by our former enemies, we French and Belgians will be ready to extend our hands, and perhaps open our hearts."

Naturally the question came up for discussion with the very opening of the Congress this year. It was not to be expected that such a problem, once advanced, could be passed over without some attempt to solve it. Besides, the rest of the world had taken a hand in the matter. The Dawes plan of repa-

rations had thrown open the door to Germany, and the many friendly gestures made by the League of Nations had placed Germany and her allies in line for consideration by any body as much interested in securing world peace as FIDAC is.

But with the opening of the question at London last month there was no corresponding "opening of hearts." Instead, if any difference, there was more hardness, more distrust of the ex-enemy countries than before. The desire for peace, while powerful in all hearts, could not bridge the chasm of distrust which the nations contiguous to the ex-enemy countries showed toward their former enemies.

THE discussions, held by the Peace Commission of the Congress, soon developed into a veritable war for peace, France ranged on one side and England on the other. The remaining countries either took sides or quietly awaited the outcome. Next to the two leaders, Italy was the most active of the group. The United States tried to keep neutral as far as possible, feeling that the wishes of those nations nearest the ex-enemy countries should be respected. But before the sessions were closed she, too, was drawn into the discussion.

The British made a gallant fight to establish a status in FIDAC which in time, at least, would insure fraternal



A group of FIDAC delegates leaving one of the sessions in County Hall, London. This picture gives an excellent idea of the type of delegate which European countries sent to the congress. Inset, Thomas W. Miller of America and The American Legion, FIDAC's new president



Reconciliation

By
Rex
Harlow

relations with the ex-enemy countries. They presented a resolution to the effect that "if and when the reparations questions are settled, the president and vice-presidents of the Federation should be instructed to examine and report what ex-enemy countries could, with profit to the cause of peace, be invited to join the FIDAC."

At the same time a letter was received by the Federation from the Friedensbund der Kriegsteilvehaar (the Peace Alliance of German ex-Service men) which said: "We stretch out the hand of brotherhood to you, reaching beyond all frontiers, in the hope that thereby we shall advance together without prejudice against the most terrible burden from which humanity can suffer—war. The motto of our fellowship, which sums up our heart-felt desire, is expressed in the words, 'No More War.'"

Colonel Crosfield of the British delegation, a vice-president of FIDAC, explained to the Congress some of the reasons why his countrymen were so impressed with the need for some sort of connection with ex-enemy organizations. He told of having made a trip through Germany, where he found two ex-service organizations—one consisting of former officers and civilians who are sympathetic to the Ludendorff cause; the other, consisting of the former fighting men of Germany, those who, like the ex-service men of the

Allied nations, are sick of war and are making every effort toward peace.

He asserted, as his personal opinion, that unless this later group of men are given some assistance they will become submerged by the belligerent group, who are determined on a war of revenge, not alone for the reason that the peaceful group are outnumbered but also because they will come to believe that there is no disposition on the part of the Allies to help them in their fight for peace. He warned against any action of the Congress that could be construed as refusing to work with these men for peace.

W EIGHT had been given previously to this view through a statement that had been made by General Sir Ian Hamilton, president of the metropolitan area of the British Legion, on the opening day of the Congress. He had quoted what Premier Mussolini of Italy, himself a World War veteran, had said to Colonel Crosfield a few months before, that to be effective, FIDAC must include ex-enemy organizations.

In adding his own view of the matter General Hamilton said:

"Perhaps Mussolini was right. Per-

haps we should include ex-enemy organizations. By the very fact of our grouping ourselves as inter-Allied veterans we have encouraged the ex-enemy, Prussia, to group herself in a counter-federation of German states which, though based ostensibly, and, I think, sincerely, on good fellowship and love of country, might easily be changed by force of circumstances into an anti-FIDAC army.

"Speaking for myself, it has always seemed to me unwise to leave outside forces in isolation. Far better meet them half way and disarm at least certain sections of their opinion. An important newspaper stated the other day that the Germans had made no request to join the FIDAC. By this morning's post I received a message from a stranger, General Freiherr von Schoenaich, who writes from Holstein: 'Is it possible, under any terms, for a German society of old soldiers to become a member of FIDAC?' If we want security, that way security lies."

The position taken by the French and those in sympathy with their views was that FIDAC is an organization of ex-Allies, which makes it impossible, under the provisions of a constitution too clear

(Continued on page 21)

T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

- WILDER Q. GRESHAM, Mooresville (N. C.) Post. D. Aug. 9, aged 29. Served at Camp Jackson, S. C.
- VICTOR HOLMSTONE, Calhoun Post, Minneapolis, Minn. D. Aug. 21. Served with 20th Eng.
- GUSTAVE JARANDSON, Glyndon (Minn.) Post. D. Oct. 6 at Veterans Bureau Hospital, Minneapolis. Served in U. S. Navy.
- LOUIS LIVELY, JR., Patrick J. Coyne Post, Charlemont, Mass. D. Sept. 30 at U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass. Served at Camp Joseph E. Johnstone, Jacksonville, Fla.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

- Co. B, 104TH ENG. (29th Div.)—Sixth annual reunion and banquet in Camden, N. J., Nov. 8. Address Clifford J. Shemeley, 926 Spruce St., Camden.
- Co. F, 302ND INF. (76th Div.)—Third annual reunion at Taunton Inn, Taunton, Mass., Nov. 8. Address Al Rivard, 26 Monroe St., or John J. Wade, 37 Winter St., Taunton.
- A. S. D. MONTEPELLIER—Reunion at Chicago, Nov. 8. Address Miss Elizabeth Lingle, 1202 Maple Ave., Evanston, Ill.
- 111TH INF. (28th Div.)—Sixth annual reunion and ball, Nov. 10 at 18th Regt. Armory, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address Ben Prager, 326 Third Ave., Pittsburgh.
- U. S. S. SOLACE—Second annual reunion dinner of former shipmates at Philadelphia, Nov. 15. Address Dr. Richard A. Kern, 906 Medical Arts Bldg., Philadelphia, or Lisbon Futch, 1316 East Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

BOOK SERVICE

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to Book Service, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

HISTORY OF THE 77TH DIVISION. Official. A complete account of the division's actions from organization to the Armistice. Photographs, sketches, cartoons, maps, honor roll, citations and awards. 100 illustrations. 230 pages. Cloth bound. Price: \$2.50.

Armistice Novelties Free

ARMIN AREN, 3452 Harlem Place, Cincinnati, Ohio, a member of Robert E. Bentley Post of The American Legion, is offering to send free to Legion posts for use in the observance of Armistice Day large lots of badges, window cards, felts suitable for pennants or pillow tops and copies of a march medley entitled "Whenever Buddies Meet." Mr. Aren will send supplies of any of these articles to posts, but not to individuals, absolutely free, the posts receiving them to pay only the transportation costs. Mr. Aren, who recently retired from the novelty business, is using this method to distribute his remaining stock. Quantities and weights of the decorations are as follows:

- Badges in red, white and blue, giving hour, day, month and year of signing of Armistice. In lots of 1,000. No more than 5,000 to one post. Weight, 2 3/4 pounds per 1,000.
- Window cards, 11 by 14 inches. In lots of 500. Not more than 2,000 to one post. Weight, 56 pounds per 500.
- Felts. In lots of 50. Not over 100 to one post. Weight, 3 1/2 pounds per 50.
- "Whenever Buddies Meet." In sheet music arranged for piano. In lots of 100 copies. Not more than 500 copies to one post. Weight, 6 pounds per 100.



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By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

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Historic Battles of the Ballot

(Continued from page 7)

off in Congress between 1892 and 1896 in connection with several measures which it is not necessary to go into now. Both parties were split on the question, the Democrats more than the Republicans. The *Congressional Record* tells of a powerful appeal for silver made in the House in 1893 by a young Democratic representative from Nebraska—William Jennings Bryan. As the time for the 1896 election drew nearer the issue pressed to the fore and could be evaded by neither party. To have done so would have thrown a host of votes to the Populists, who were quietly adding to their strength in the West.

The Republican convention met late in June in St. Louis. There was no question about the nominee. Skillfully managed by Mark Hanna, William McKinley of Ohio had a majority of delegates pledged when the convention opened. Garrett A. Hobart was chosen as his running mate. The only question was as to silver. But the Hanna-McKinley leaders were also gold standard advocates. They held their lines firm also on that question. The platform declared uncompromisingly for a gold standard.

In the Democratic ranks the fight as usual was hotter. The pre-convention battle for delegates was waged entirely on the issue of silver, and by spring it was apparent that the West was pretty solid for free silver. If the Eastern Democrats, headed by President Cleveland, who was a staunch foe of free silver, won out, the Populists would corral a big part of the Democratic vote. The choice was between party disaster and a mutiny against the leaders.

The convention opened in Chicago, July 7th, with the result in doubt. The first rounds were all in favor of the silver men, the committee on credentials deciding contests in favor of silver delegates. The most notable decision was the one seating the contesting delegation from Nebraska headed by William Jennings Bryan.

The platform came up for discussion. William Jennings Bryan rose to speak. The convention knew of him only as one of the younger Middle Western leaders with a big following in his State and a reputation for oratory. Bryan began, his resonant voice, responsive to every emotion, winning an instant hearing.

"The humblest citizen in all the land," he said, "when clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts of error that they can bring. I come to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity."

Then followed a characteristic Bryan array of arguments and a peroration that has changed the political history of recent years:

"If they dare to come out in the open and defend the gold standard as a good thing we shall fight them to the uttermost, having behind us the producing masses of the nation and the world. Having behind us the commercial interests and the laboring interests and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown

of thorns! You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!'"

Such was the setting of the famous crown of thorns and cross of gold—the two phrases that made Bryan immortal in American politics. The convention was in stampede when he finished. He could have had the nomination then. As it was, the first ballot showed 235 for Richard P. Bland of Missouri and 119 for Bryan, with 371 scattering and 178 not voting. The latter were the gold Democrats, who refused to have anything to do with the proceedings after the adoption of the silver plank. Bryan gained on the succeeding ballots and on the fifth was swept in. Arthur Sewall of Maine was named for Vice-President.

By the silver plank the Democrats won over the Populists as a party. The latter met and named Bryan for President, with Tom Watson of Georgia for Vice-President. There was a secession in the Democratic ranks. A convention of gold Democrats met and nominated John M. Palmer of Illinois and General Simon B. Buckner of Kentucky on a gold platform. The gold Democrats made no impression at all on the poll as a ticket, but it is certain that huge numbers of Democrats in the East bolted the ticket and voted for McKinley.

It was a thrilling campaign, with Bryan stumping from one end of the country to the other with his indomitable energy, banks and business interests marshalling every influence at their command, streets ablaze with flags and bunting and oratory on every corner, monster processions through the big cities, big factories turning out their workers en masse to parade for gold and prosperity. It was cheap money and plenty of it as the cry on one side, prosperity and the full dinner pail on the other. No campaign in recent times has been so colorful, and it brought the biggest vote in history up to that time.

It was more colorful than close, however. In the popular vote McKinley got 7,111,697 and Bryan, 6,509,052. The electoral vote was 271 to 176. East of the Missouri every Northern state went for McKinley. Free silver has been a dead issue ever since.

In the elections that followed this one there is little worth pausing over. McKinley was re-elected in 1900 almost as a matter of course, this time snowing Bryan under. Roosevelt, who came to the Presidency on McKinley's

VOTE for whom you please, but vote for somebody. It is a duty which every man owes to himself and to his country, to go and vote. The man who will not perform that duty deserves no protection from the government. If he will not do his duty toward forming a government, he ought not to enjoy the benefits of one which he is too lazy or too negligent to assist in appointing.—*Horace Greeley.*

CITIZENSHIP has its duties as well as its privileges. The privilege of suffrage calls for the duty of exercising that right.—*Benjamin Harrison.*

assassination (Hobart, McKinley's 1896 running mate, having died in the interval), was elected for another term in 1904, also as a matter of course. And in 1908 Roosevelt put William H. Taft over as his personally-conducted candidate, Bryan for the third time being the victim.

Between 1908 and 1912 presidential politics again took on the color of the unexpected. Taft had been in office but a few months when those close to the scene knew there was a rift in the Theodore-William idyll. Just what was the cause will not be known till ex-President Taft is dead and his letters are published. The thick-and-thin Roosevelt partisans said Taft had broken his promises to Roosevelt. According to the recently published memoirs of H. H. Kohlsaat, who was intimate with both men, this has been proved untrue. At any rate, President Taft, his opponents charge, did let himself drift completely into the hands of the ultra-conservatives, overturning Roosevelt's conservation policies and sponsoring one of the highest protective tariffs of this generation.

Roosevelt went off to Africa and returned. He had no sooner set foot on American soil than the faithful began calling unto him, though he had given a formal public pledge not to seek a third term. T. R. was non-committal, but those who knew him well said it was a case of Barkis is willin'. The governors of seven States signed a letter demanding that he make the race. T. R.'s statements became more non-committal and then he let it be known in a letter to Frank A. Munsey that if the people demanded that he come out he would. His friends brought him evidence enough of the people's demands, and on February 26, 1912, he threw his hat into the ring.

Roosevelt had a fanatically loyal organization, but Taft had the machinery. Wherever there were Republican primaries Roosevelt won, but the convention had been summoned by the Republican National Committee before Roosevelt announced his candidacy, and the machinery for choosing delegates was running smoothly. Roosevelt went into the convention when it opened at the Coliseum in Chicago on June 18th with 411 instructed delegates, not much less than half.

The Roosevelt strategy was to contest the delegations from States where there had been no primaries and where the delegates were pretty much administration-picked. The first test came on the choice of temporary chairman. The Taft organization won, Elihu Root being chosen by 558 to 502. In the days preceding the convention the National Committee had already ruled against most of Roosevelt's contests of delegations, and when the fight was renewed on the convention floor the delegates—having been chosen pretty much by the National Committee—upheld the committee and rejected Roosevelt's contests. It was all over but the voting. Roosevelt came to Chicago, established himself at the Congress Hotel, made

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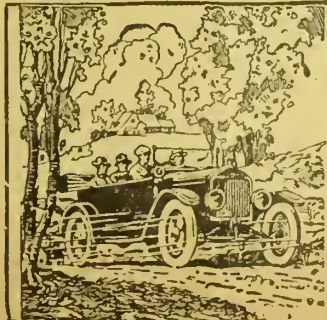
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speeches from the hotel veranda to throngs stretching to the very edge of the lake front, and tried to start a stampede. On the convention floor there was the emotionalism of a religious revival—there was actually something religious in the devotion of Roosevelt's admirers—and when they paraded down the aisles of that huge, beflagged barn singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," there was a catch in the throat of the hardest-boiled convention reporter.

But there was no catch in the throat of the machine. It steam-rolled over in vote after vote, and when the time came for nominations there were frantic conferences in the Congress Hotel. The Roosevelt delegates decided to bolt and run Roosevelt as independent. At the very hour when Warren G. Harding was putting before what was left of the convention the name of William Howard Taft—the whole press gallery and all the visitors had deserted—the Bull Moose party was being born in Orchestra Hall, half a mile away, before a hysterical, hymn-singing crowd.

Three days later the Democratic convention opened in Baltimore with promise of more thrills. Champ Clark and Woodrow Wilson had been making campaigns all over the country and the contest was close. Bryan the perennial was the outstanding figure of the convention. His delegation was pledged to Clark, but his own sympathies leaned to Wilson. He started with a characteristic attack on the money powers and then, when the vote went against him on temporary chairman, he made a speech denouncing Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont to their faces as agents of Wall Street, there to deliver the convention to the money kings. He demanded that they withdraw. They sat there under his withering fire but didn't withdraw.

Late on a Friday night the balloting began, and it continued for forty-six roll-calls, stretching to Tuesday afternoon. Clark led on the first with 441½ to Wilson's 324 and the rest scattering. On the fifteenth Clark had climbed to 556 and Wilson to 362½, a majority for Clark but not the necessary two-thirds. Then came the most dramatic incident of the convention. New York, which had been with Governor Harmon of Ohio, switched its ninety votes to Clark. Bryan took the floor, declared that that proved Wall Street was be-

A WISE community will, like a wise individual, take the necessary measures to secure men of integrity and capacity to fill every office required by the rights of the people. That way is through the ballot box.—*Peter Cooper.*

hind Clark, as Boss Murphy was Wall Street's tool, and said that despite his instructions he would throw his delegation and his support to Wilson on behalf of the people.

The balloting proceeded amid turmoil. Ballot after ballot was taken without breaking the deadlock, and the convention adjourned over the week-end. It was no recess, however. Delegates were fought over singly and in groups, and every variety of pressure was brought to bear on every leader. But Clark had reached his limit. Bryan had stopped him. As the balloting proceeded Clark lost a few on each roll-call and Wilson steadily gained. On Monday Wilson passed Clark, 460 to 455, on the thirty-first roll-call. Wilson continued to climb and Clark to fall, gradually in each case, and on the forty-sixth ballot Wilson got two-thirds and the nomination. Bryan, thrice rejected, had yet shown his mastery of the Democratic party.

The results are too well known to need more than summing up. The Progressive split defeated the Republicans and elected Wilson, thus changing the history of the World War and the history of the world—Bryan's doing, remember. Together Roosevelt and Taft got a bigger popular vote than Wilson, but Wilson got pluralities in a big majority of the States. The popular vote was: Wilson, 6,286,214; Roosevelt, 4,125,214; Taft, 3,843,992. Taft, despite his nearly four million votes, carried only two States—Vermont and Utah. The electoral vote was: Wilson, 435; Roosevelt, 88; Taft, 8. The electoral vote is not always reflective of the popular vote.

The election of 1916 is too fresh in everybody's mind to need re-telling, but it is taken up here only because it was so close and it had such a profound effect on the war. Wilson was renominated, of course, and the Repub-

licans brought Charles Evans Hughes out of the Supreme Court to make the race. The campaign turned exclusively on the war. It was commonly agreed at the time that the day after the conventions Hughes could have been elected, but he made numerous mistakes in his campaign and the issue was doubtful on election day. The first returns were all Hughes, and the mobs that milled up and down the streets hearing the returns went to bed that night with the assurance that Hughes was President-elect. The morning papers also had Hughes elected. The last edition of the New York Times gave the result as Hughes leading by 248 to 247, with five States doubtful—California, Delaware, Minnesota, North Dakota and Wyoming.

All that day the count seesawed back and forth, each precinct in the country being totalled as it came in.

Tuesday morning the New York Times announced Wilson leading, 251 to 247, with four States doubtful—California, North Dakota, Minnesota and New Mexico. For a majority 266 was needed. Delaware had gone to Hughes. Idaho had switched from Hughes to Wilson on the closing returns and Wyoming had gone to Wilson. The result hung on California and Minnesota. The former had 13 electoral votes, the latter 12. North Dakota had 5 and New Mexico 3.

For two days there was little work done in the country. Crowds hung about bulletin boards, waiting for newspaper extras as the results were telegraphed from remote precincts in the doubtful States one at a time. By Friday it was over. Wilson had California, North Dakota and New Mexico, giving him 277 votes, six more than enough. Hughes got Minnesota, giving him 254. Some idea of the closeness of the final count may be seen from the following returns: California—Wilson, 466,200; Hughes, 462,394. Minnesota—Hughes, 179,544; Wilson, 179,152. New Mexico—Wilson, 33,693; Hughes, 31,163. Indiana—Hughes, 341,005; Wilson, 334,063. It will always be a matter for speculation what the world would have been like now had 1,900 Californians voted the other way.

Modern skeptics are wrong when they say politics don't matter. That is something to bear in mind next Tuesday.

Stage Money That Turned Real

(Continued from page 4)

due of the estate immediately becomes the Lotta Agricultural Fund, which after forty years will be increased by whatever is left over from the fund for disabled soldiers. Only the income from funds may be expended, excepting in the case of the veterans' fund.

"The will of Lotta Crabtree stands as one of the noblest documents which has come from the hands of a woman in the past generation," declared General Edwards. "During her life her charities were extensive, and she kept them an inviolable secret. She desired no thanks, no recognition—only the consciousness of having done what she conceived to be her duty to those in

need and to those who had given most to but had received least from their country.

"I saw her dance when I was a boy. That was fifty years ago. When I came back from the war and retired from the Army I saw her again in Boston after a lapse of more years than I care to recall for my own sake. I was getting on in years myself—but Lotta, really some seventeen years my senior, never grew old. Her interest in the problems of the ex-soldier, in his fight for justice on more fields than one, was an inspiration to me and to others when I was at the head of The American Legion in Massachusetts.

"She led a secluded life in her last years, and I saw her only occasionally. I used to tell her my troubles when I was in the thick of the battle to correct the Government's shameful neglect of the wounded and afflicted and to pass the Adjusted Compensation Bill. Her counsel was wise, and it was cheerful. It was like a tonic.

"She never intimated to me her intention to leave so magnificent a bequest, or in fact any bequest, for disabled veterans. Perhaps, true to her innate sense of modesty, she wished to spare herself my expressions of gratitude. Her attorney, Mr. Morse, came to me about two years ago and confi-

dentially communicated to me the substance of Miss Crabtree's will and said it was her desire that I serve as a trustee. Surely the men who served in this war will never forget the magnanimous spirit and the truly noble soul of Lotta Crabtree."

Leo M. Harlow, present commander of the Legion in Massachusetts, issued a public statement of the thanks of the Legion.

The trustees of the will intend to carry out the expressed wish of Lotta and make the bequest available as soon as possible. This, however, may not be for considerable time. Already distant relatives of the actress have signified that they will endeavor to break the will. They have obtained expert legal counsel, and the affair may go into the courts. Such action, of course, will be resisted by the trustees.

Lotta Mignon Crabtree, the only actress who ever saved a million dollars from her earnings at the box office, was born on Grand Street, New York City, within slingshot range of some of her greatest triumphs on the stage. This transpired in 1847. Her parents were not stage people, not even theatergoers. Lotta's father was an Englishman, a scholarly, likable, impractical dreamer. The pot of gold at the rainbow's end was in the new world, he thought, and all he had to do was to come and get it. But when Lotta—and that, not Charlotte, was her name—was born, he was running a secondhand bookstore, struggling to make both ends meet.

Lotta's mother was the stronger of the parental combination. She shaped her daughter's career, held the purse-strings, and gave Lotta the shrewd training which made this impulsively generous creature also one of the most successful business women of her generation. John Ashworth Crabtree made his way back to England early in Lotta's career and finished his life there on an allowance provided by his daughter.

But John Crabtree did not pass from the picture until he had provided his daughter with the most romantic of all American settings for the beginning of a stage career. When they struck gold in California in 1849 he sold his bookstore and set out over the plains. He would recoup for all his blunders at one sweep. But his letters grew less and less assuring, and in 1852 Mrs. Crabtree and their daughter went to California to see how the land lay. The situation was bad. No gold, no prospects for Crabtree.

With the competent Mary Crabtree in command things began to pick up. No Crabtree gold strike is immediately recorded, but they got along comfortably. Little Lotta was the joy of the household and the pet of Rabbit Creek Camp. The hardy miners, fresh from the diggings, with their red shirts and wonderful whiskers, rode the little nymph on their broad backs, dangled her on their knees and roared their homespun ballads to the strum-strumming of her guitar.



Lotta in a more sedate rôle. A picture taken in London, where she repeated her American successes

A stranded Negro minstrel man from the land of cotton had wandered into Rabbit Creek and taught her to play a guitar and a banjo. In after years Lotta declared this incident had led to her studies of Negro character, her deftly shaded interpretations of which so greatly enhanced her fame. She was the first impersonator of Topsy in the West and one of the greatest of all time. She so dominated the performance that, with her troupe, the billing was changed from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "Topsy." An Irish jig and clog artist strayed in from Placerville one night, and the next day Lotta was his pupil. She was the first woman clog dancer to appear on an American stage.

The civic center of Rabbit Creek was the Square Deal Gambling Hall & Saloon. One time a theatrical company came to town, and after a disagreement with the proprietor of the Square Deal the manager of the thespians hired an opposition hall. For the first time the Square Deal's reputation as the brightest spot in Rabbit Creek seemed in jeopardy. The proprietor thought fast. He decided to give a rival entertainment of his own. An Italian musician was located in the camp and snapped up. Further quest materialized a Swiss yodler, a ventriloquist, and a miscellany of other talent for the Square Deal. Mary Ann Crabtree declined, however, to permit Lotta to set a foot inside the wicked place. No, indeed. But when a delegation of miners, who were Lotta's especial pals, called on her she softened and Lotta was carried off. That night the Crabtrees achieved

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Why the devastating Lotta? Famous actors and actresses had come and gone—and plenty of them were still here—but not since the invasion of the immortal Jenny Lind, under the leadership of the genius Barnum, had there been anything like this wonder child from the West.

Well, to reckon up her assets: She played a banjo, and a guitar—not dazzling accomplishments surely. She danced—and as for the cold technique of Terpsichore, there were twenty others who danced as well. She sang—but was no Lind; in later years Lotta herself declined the opera, acknowledging she would fail. She acted—and again the precise technicians recorded flaws. But the ensemble of these talents produced a magnetic attraction which was as irresistible as the law of gravity. Newton came along with his inside story and took the mystery out of gravity. But Lotta's Newton never showed himself.

The pieces she played in mostly were light and trivial, but to them Lotta imparted an intangible something which made her great. She was a born minstrel, in the highest definition of that honorable term. She was a rollicking hoyden, an implacable tomboy. She knew pathos. A chord on her banjo, a flashing step and a kick, a toss of her curls, a smile—sometimes mirthful, sometimes wistful—and the world was hers. Somehow she had an intuitive grasp of the human instincts. Maybe it was because she did not act on the stage, but lived there. Johnny Mulhearn must have been right.

"A dramatic cocktail," wrote the great John Brougham.

"Quicksilver in her heels," testified Lester Wallack.

"Like a purling brook," said William Winter.

Anyhow, if nobody could quite explain Lotta, everybody accepted her. Dating from her first metropolitan appearance in San Francisco in 1859 she reigned for thirty-two years. Though publicity made her professional career,

ity performances, notably one in San Francisco in 1862 for the Ellsworth Rifles, off for the Civil War.

In 1864 Lotta went East. At Chicago she played in "The Seven Sisters" at McVicker's Theater, and received a welcome which is a Chicago tradition. The gold shower was repeated, and one enthusiast tossed a \$300 watch on the stage. New York acclaimed her at the famous Niblo's Garden, or Saloon as they called it then, but the golden tributes of the East went the more decorous way of the box office. Still, Lotta cleared \$15,000 in five weeks, a record killing for that day. Her fame and fortune were now secure. No actress of this decade has stirred the public so. She was a national figure. On her first Eastern tour away from New York she played at Washington and was applauded by Lincoln.

When the first intoxicating impact of her presence had spent itself the dazed dramatic critics tried to get a grip on themselves and to discover what it was all about.

what they had come to California for. They struck gold.

When Lotta's turn came at the Square Deal she sang "Thou Art Gone from My Gaze." The miners applauded lustily. She played on her banjo. The audience stamped in time. She danced the Irish jig and the clog. Clink! Clink-clink! Plunk!! A round silver dollar thumped the stage with a bell-like ring and rolled off into the row of candles which served as footlights—this was before Mr. Mulhearn's day. A golden eagle and a double eagle twinkled beside the twinkling toes of the dancer. Plunk! There went a glistening nugget from the motherlode up the crick. In a moment the nimble feet of La Petite Lotta trod an actual carpet of coin and the stuff that coin is made of.

Thrice encored, she made her curtsies and filled a silk hat to the brim with her spoils. Then she clapped the stovepipe down over her radiant curls, and spilled the gold all out again. The miners dug deeper into their pouches and filled the hat anew, while the prodigy of Rabbit Creek danced on and on.

The Square Deal held its own as the brightest spot in camp that night. For a little more than two years Lotta continued her amateur appearances there and elsewhere, and in 1858, before she had turned eleven, she made her bow as a professional at Petaluma. She was Gertrude in "The Loan of a Lover." Another year of one-night stands in the camps and she was on Market Street, San Francisco, the Broadway of the West, with the biggest and most open-handed following on the coast. Rabbit Creek had set the fashion. Wherever she played they showered her with coins, nuggets and bags of gold-dust. They billed her as "La Petite Lotta, the California diamond." She appeared at endless benefits and char-

she abhorred it in private life. When not playing she passed her time traveling in Europe or in the comparative seclusion of her home in the hills of northern New Jersey. Her mother was always with her. These traits cast a film of mystery about Lotta. The most curious rumors were afloat. The gossips were always marrying her off, and worried as much about why she didn't make their stories good, as they worry today about the Prince of Wales. Lotta was wooed by many. Some got encouragement, but none got Lotta.

She left the footlights without explanations in 1891. Possibly her motive may be divined from a remark she once made to Richard Mansfield, asking him why he didn't retire and have some fun with his money before he was too old to enjoy it. Lotta was supposed to be worth \$2,000,000 when she forsook the stage. Under her mother's guidance she had been investing her money right along. Her fortune grew and grew. Her investments took a good part of her time now, but she had time for other things. She traveled. She painted landscapes and portraits of her friends. She pursued her secret charities. She investigated prison conditions, and once informed a famous minister who had criticized the morals of the stage that she had never found an actor in jail, but had found a good many preachers there. She bought race horses, followed them around the Grand Circuit and made money at it. Her My Star was once the world's champion green pacer.

As the years went by her seclusion deepened. She sold or closed her various homes about the country and re-

tained only a simple suite at the Hotel Brewster in Boston, which she owned. But she was cheerful. She lived in the present; indeed, she rarely referred to her professional career. She administered her prosperous business affairs, painted, occasionally attended the theater, and visited with a few time-tested friends. During the war her interest in soldiers and sailors began. When the Twenty-sixth Division paraded in Boston on its return she went to see the men march. She helped to furnish the Yankee Division Club in Boston. She sat in a box with General Edwards to watch the parade at the Y. D. reunion in 1920, and thereafter followed with continuous interest The American Legion's legislative fight for the disabled and for adjusted compensation.

Her youthful spirit never left her while she lived. In 1919 Major General Edwards, overseas commander of the Twenty-sixth Division, paid a formal call to the Hotel Brewster to thank Lotta for her gifts to the Y. D. Club. The general was astounded when he beheld the mental and bodily alertness of the woman he had not seen for going on fifty years.

The tide of reminiscence engulfed them. They harked back to other times and other manners.

"And to see you today, Miss Lotta," exclaimed her caller, "one would swear that you could dance the same as ever."

"Well, not quite the same as ever—but—"

Lotta gained a clear space between the chairs. Pointing first one tiny toe and then the other at the rug, she gracefully traced the pattern of the jig.

Fidac Takes a Step for Reconciliation

(Continued from page 13)

in its language to be misunderstood, to take ex-enemy countries into it; that, besides, any effort to co-operate with any portion of Germany's population, be it apparently friendly or otherwise, can have no good results, for the reason that the spirit of revenge is too deeply implanted in the consciousness of all Germans for one to hope for friendly co-operation.

The French opposed any effort to investigate the ex-enemy countries if such investigation had the purpose of bringing them into FIDAC, now or at any time in the future.

The English resolution was battered about so roughly that after a day or two those leading the fight for its adoption decided, after an earnest night consultation, to introduce a substitute. The next morning they submitted the following:

"The FIDAC, being a friendly asso-

ciation of old comrades of the Great War, does not desire to change its constitution and receive the associations of ex-enemy countries. But in order that the FIDAC may be fully informed, it appoints a special commission to enquire into the spirit which animates the associations of ex-service men in ex-enemy countries in order that it may ascertain if any of these associations are working sincerely for peace. In order that the enquiry may be made as quickly and exactly as possible, the commission of enquiry into each ex-enemy country shall be conducted by a member of a country, a member of FIDAC, which is a neighbor of the ex-enemy in question."

When it was finally put to the vote, this substitute lost four to three, two countries not voting. The United States cast a negative vote, choosing to oppose any effort toward bringing the ex-enemy countries into FIDAC at this time when that effort contained the possibility of destroying the unity of the Allies.

An Italian proposal which provided "that every nation of the FIDAC shall conduct an enquiry on its own account, so as to find out what is the real feeling existing among ex-enemy organizations about peace, and send in a detailed report on the matter, to be read at the next Congress of FIDAC," was advanced as a substitute for the last two sentences of the rejected resolution. It was passed by a vote of three to two, four countries abstaining from

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THE Wally membership cartoon which appeared on page 10 of the special membership issue of April 4, 1924, is ideal for use in local papers or post publications in connection with the pre-New Year drive for 1925 members. This cartoon compresses into one page of pictures the equivalent of a half-hour discourse on reasons for joining the Legion. Matrices of the cartoon may be obtained at a cost of 60 cents postpaid. Orders for mats should be sent to The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

voting. The United States again voted in the negative.

Thus the soldier in speaking through FIDAC has said he is willing to forgive his ex-enemies, but only when the war is clearly finished. He has said he is willing to forget—when he can do so in safety. In the meantime he will keep up the bars, and will gather more information about the true purposes of his ex-enemies.

In these views FIDAC is effected by the fact that the world is yet at war. Every war has three main stages—preparation, actual warfare and reconstruction. The world today is in the period of reconstruction. Reparations, boundaries and many other problems must be settled before the Allied veteran can turn his face freely toward his former enemies. So FIDAC believes.

When Europe regains her prosperity, so that the people of all the countries affected by the war are reasonably happy, or at least sufficiently removed from want and suffering that they are not reminded too sharply of those whom they hold to be responsible for their troubles—then, and not until then, will the soldier say to his ex-enemy, "Come and be one with me. Let us forget, and in forgetting be comrades."

While the Peace Commission of the Congress dealt chiefly with the enemy question, nevertheless it managed to do other important work, too.

It voted to form a women's auxiliary section of FIDAC and to invite every nation who is a member of the Federation to send a woman delegate to the next Congress. It also passed a resolution pointing out "to the respective governments how great is the continued loss of power and prestige sustained by the League of Nations, due to the abstinence of the United States," and urging "all members of the League to endeavor to meet the objections hitherto directed toward the League by the United States."

The Congress was divided into four commissions—on Peace, Propaganda, Claims and Finances—each of which was occupied full time with its individual problems. Indeed, the latter three commissions did the detail work of the Congress, since the commission on Peace was too busy with the question of ex-enemies to attend to much else.

There was a moving incident in the business proceedings of the Congress's Claims Commission. It came after the vote had been taken on a resolution congratulating those governments



The crowd that gathered at the London suburb of Fulham to watch the arrival of the FIDAC delegates, who visited the district to see a typical post of the British Legion at home

which had legislated for the protection of Russian ex-service men who had fought for the Allied cause and who inhabited their countries, and expressing the desire that all the Allied governments give protection to such veterans, provided they had fought in the Russian ranks before October, 1917, and had resided since that date in an Allied country. General Baratoff, who lost a leg in the war, entered, accompanied by the leaders among the Russian disabled men in England. He wore a Russian general's full-dress uniform and made a striking figure as he thanked the commission for its generous action.

The recommendations of all of the commissions were passed in the final meeting of the Congress without a dissenting voice being made. At this same meeting M. Bertrand was enthusiastically acclaimed President Fondateur (President Founder). Officers were elected as follows: President, Miller of America; Vice-Presidents, Hoffman of America, Wullus of Belgium, Crosfield of Great Britain, Holecek of Czechoslovakia, Boulard of France, Rossini of Italy, Sliwinski of Poland, Ianculescu of Roumania, Radossavljevitch of Serbia; Secretary, D'Avigneau of France; Treasurer, Barlow of Great Britain.

The American delegation, composed of Hoffman of Oklahoma, Chairman; Lee of Kansas, Secretary, Miller of the District of Columbia, Logan of Massachusetts, King of New York, Thompson of Pennsylvania, Kipling of France, Smith of England, Jacques of France, and Harlow of Oklahoma, was given a generous ovation when Mr. Miller's election was announced.

Thomas W. Miller is the first president of FIDAC to follow Bertrand, who has been at the head of the Federation since its inception. On every side it

was said, "We have had the ideals of FIDAC emphasized—now let us have its business side brought to the fore," meaning that an American had been chosen in recognition of our country's well-known habit of doing everything on a business basis. The Americans accepted the responsibility; they were glad to have their peculiar ability to serve FIDAC recognized in such signal manner.

It was significant and appropriate that while Thomas W. Miller was being elected President of FIDAC, an English veteran of the World War, F. Paget Hett, was presenting to The American Legion at its Sixth Annual Convention

in Saint Paul, Minnesota, the greetings of the British Legion. Mr. Hett read at Saint Paul a message from Field Marshal Lord Haig, the chairman of the British Legion, expressing the hope that The American Legion and the British Legion "may ever be found together standing firm in the service of the world of peace." Typical of the spirit of the message he brought, Mr. Hett placed a wreath on the monument erected by the Saint Paul Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to the memory of departed American soldiers and sailors. Spiritually the Legion convention and the FIDAC Congress were alike.

The American member has to learn that after-the-war casualties are mounting with startling swiftness among European ex-service men and women, at this time constituting upwards of thirty percent of the total FIDAC membership. He must take into consideration the fact that the European governments are bankrupt from the ravages of a war which killed off their able-bodied men and drained their resources.

President Miller has pledged himself, as has every member of the American delegation to the London Congress, to sell FIDAC to America. He and his comrades will have the burden of carrying forward the torch of mutual helpfulness for the maimed and crippled until the next congress at Rome in September, 1925.

The American delegation pledged hearty support from The American Legion in answer to the questioning looks from the eyes of the seventy European delegates when they solemnly placed the cause of their dying comrades in the hands of America.

Twenty-five million people now look to America to speak through FIDAC. And America will speak.

Bursts and Duds

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Counting His Chickens

For months Pat, who lived in the oil country, had been drilling unsuccessfully in his back yard. One day his friends were astonished to see him rush from his door, cheering loudly.

"What's the idea, Pat?" he was asked. "Haven't ye heard the good news?"

"Good Lord! You haven't struck oil at last, have you?"

"No, not yet. But didn't ye notice how the price of it went up yesterday?"

Evidence Missing

Mandy, weary of matrimony, had brought suit for divorce on grounds of cruelty.

"You say," asked the judge, "that your husband threatened you, a defenseless woman, with a wooden rolling pin?"

"Yassuh. Dat's what he up an' done."

"Can you produce the rolling pin?"

"Nossuh. Ah's 'fraid not, suh. Yo' see, Ah jus' tuk it away f'um him at de time, an' busted it ovah his haid."

The Minority Report

"I don't believe a word of it!"

She snapped, more than irate,

The while he was explaining

Just why he was so late.

"My dear," he answered meekly,

"I am surprised at you;

I'd stake my life upon it

That several words are true."

—E. D. K.

You Wear Them Permanently

(Sign on beach at Charleston, S. C.)

Any Person Caught Taking Off Bathing Suit Will Be Fined Not Less Than \$25.00.

No Co-operation There

It was noon of a sweltering day, and a large, husky man was comfortably leaning against a post, watching a little man trying to move a tremendous table through the doorway of a nearby house.

"Why don't you help that poor fellow instead of standing idle?" asked a passer-by.

"It ain't me house," the big man explained.

"What difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world.

If it was me house, he wouldn't be movin' me furniture out of it because I never paid the rent."

Helping Father

Mrs. Swift: "Violet, did you say your prayers?"

Little Violet: "Yes, mother.

And I prayed the good Lord to

watch out for the two men you

just hired to keep track of papa."

A Wide Breach

Judge: "Have you good grounds against this man for your breach of promise suit?"

Liza: "'Deed Ah has! Ah promised mahself to marry dat man, an' he ain't nevah asked me to."

Fame

Husband: "I'm getting on at the bank."

Wife: "That's fine, dear; but

what makes you think so?"

"One of the vice-presidents asked

me if I worked there."

Place of Honor

Undertaker's Friend: "Whose portrait is that hanging on your wall next to Washington's?"

Undertaker: "That's the inventor of the new death-ray."

Why Wild

She: "Ugh! Look at that man's unkempt beard! He must be almost a wild man."

He: "Just about. You see, he's an old-fashioned gentleman, and he always surrenders his turn in the barber chair to waiting ladies."

With an Ax

Humorist (eyeing editor's check): "I certainly don't get what's coming to me for my jokes."

Editor: "You're lucky."

I'd Give a Lot

I'd give a lot to see you now

And have a chat with you;

In fact, I'd give both lots—the ones

You sold me in Swamp View.

—J. A. S.

Ruining the Market

"If you're so much in love with the girl, why don't you marry her, doctor?"

"Marry her? I should say not! She's one of my best patients."

True Chivalry

The editor figured a long time thinking how to say something nice. Then he wrote:

"Miss Beulah Blue, a Brimfield belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother Jerry, aged thirty-two."

Not Bidding

"Any part of the city for fifty cents!" yelled the taxi driver.

"You can't sting me again," retorted Silas. "I bought the city hall last year, and they wouldn't give it to me."

Modern Innovation

Liza: "Kain't yo' read ner write?"

Mose: "Huh, no! Dem was stahsted after mah time."



"Did you go to the pictures alone?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then how does it happen you left here with an umbrella and come back with a cane?"

WHO WON THE WAR? BUCK O'DEE!

Playing With Fire

Alice: "Did Bob really mean it when he proposed to you?"

Virginia: "Oh, I hope not! I accepted him."

Wanted: A Paragon

(From the Panama Star and Herald)

WANTED:—General servant (female), capable of attending to all kinds of household work. Nationality of no importance. One that is single preferred. One that does not tamper with my whisky during my absence. One that does not carry away packages containing groceries from the house. One that has no encumbrances. One that is strictly honest and reliable in every respect. Must sleep out. Good wages to suitable party.—Apply Hart's Furniture Store, Central Ave.

The Open Season

"Sambo, have you got anything laid by for a rainy day?"

"Don' need to, boss. Dat's jes' when de crap games am bestest."

For Fido

"Madame," said the dignified gentleman, "your dog bit me on the ankle."

"He did?" cried the lady. "Oh, I must send for a doctor!"

"Oh, I assure you it isn't as bad as—"

"You're the third person he's bitten today," broke in the lady. "I just know he isn't feeling well."

Consolation

Dora: "The man I marry must be brave."

Flora: "Don't be such a gloom, dearie—you're not so terribly homely."

Sure Proof

He had just finished a selection on the saxophone. Turning to his audience, he remarked:

"That is said by some to have been composed by Chopin and by others to be the work of Wagner."

"Well, your playing it ought to settle the argument," someone said.

"Why?"

"Just open their graves and see which one turned over."

The Murderers!

During the war a young woman received a letter from her sweetie overseas. As she read it, she broke into tears.

"T-Tom's getting terribly bloodthirsty and mercenary," she sobbed. "He writes that he shot six naturals in an hour, and that he cleaned up six thousand francs on the slaughter."

The Patriot

"Daddy, what did you do in the World War?"

"I polished the desks that were

marred by spurs."

Ship o' My Dreams

New Yorker: "Don't bother me with that bill today. I'll pay you when my ship comes in."

Creditor (in a whisper): "How many cases has she got aboard?"

Cheap Stuff

Her: "A big wedding?"

Him: "Nah! Only one detective."

The Way of a Road

Passenger: "Is this train on time?"

Conductor: "SCHEDULED OR USUAL?"

At the Club

Lover: "Can there be any sweeter words than 'I love you'?"

Writer: "Yes. 'Check inclosed.'"

Speeder: "Sure. 'Not guilty.'"



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